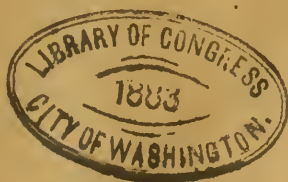

AN ADDRESS

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REV. J. C. REED,

OF

STRANGE CHAPEL,
INDIANAPOLIS.



A N A D D R E S S

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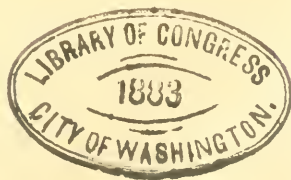
S T R A N G E C H A P E L,

INDIANAPOLIS.

BEFORE THE

INDIANA SANITARY CONVENTION,

M A R C H 2^D, 1864.



INDIANAPOLIS:
WM. S. CAMERON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
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A N A D D R E S S .

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You will cordially unite with me in saying that, from the reports of the president, agents and treasurer, the Indiana Sanitary Commission appeals to your *patriotism*.

Love of country, in all the world's philosophies and religions, is recognized a virtue. The *amor patriæ* prevailed among the nations of antiquity, especially in their palmy days. The prosperity of Babylon, Greece, Egypt and Rome ran parallel with their patriotism; losing this, they quickly degenerated, and Ichabod was written on their hitherto bright escutcheons. Love of country is essential to a nation's existence; it is the national *heart* that sends the life blood galloping through every ramification of the body politic. Weak nations die of palpitation of the heart; tyrannical ones of ossification, and strong ones of plethora, or want of arterial and venous circulation. We are in no danger from the first; we are constitutionally organized against the second, and we are resolved that no ambitious few shall monopolize to themselves our rich and exhaustless fountains of national life; but that the currents shall be kept open through which shall be communicated its vitalizing streams to the humblest and lowliest dwellers in this land.

We have more to love in this country than any other people under Heaven. The Great Creator, in making it, has given us some of the most wondrous exhibitions of wisdom, power and goodness. Where else upon our planet are blended together such grand old forests, wide-spreading prairies, majestic rivers, fertile plains, romantic

mountains, wealthy mines, quiet lakes, dashing cataracts and sunny skies? Men love the picturesque, the sublime, the beautiful and the magnificent. Just such a panorama is presented to our view by the Infinite Artificer in the arrangement of our country's natural scenery. So fair, so rich and so large a land the sun nowhere else beholds on his journey. God seems to have hidden it from former generations in the midst of oceans, lakes, and gulfs, that he might build up in these latter days, out of the choicest specimens of mixed peoples, a nation of christian freemen. Men also love justice, benevolence and freedom.—These are harmoniously blended in our government. In the monarchies of the old world justice is ignored, benevolence repudiated, and freedom is bound in chains. Aye, more than this, fearful that she may break her forged fetters and go forth to sway her magic sceptre over the minds of the masses, she is imprisoned in dungeons and bastiles, and every avenue of escape is vigilantly guarded by a well armed soldiery. But in this "land of the free and home of the brave," justice presides in her temples, and, with unquestionable prerogative, makes no distinction between the lofty and the lowly; benevolence with queenly grace bestows her gifts on all worthy objects alike, and freedom flings her banner to the breeze, and calls around her, from every class and rank, her loyal followers.

It is not to be wondered at that our government should be loved with an ardor of enthusiasm that knows no precedent. For once in the history of the world, a government has been instituted that is the poor man's friend.—Those of the old world are made exclusively for the patrician few; ours, for the patrician few and plebeian many, *alike*. Old world governments inquire, "Has he rank? has he blood? has he title? has he money?" Ours asks, "Has he a mind, a heart, a soul? *Is he a man?*" To every *man*, however humble, it becomes patron and protector. It opens highways to the poor man's cottage and to the orphan's homeless solitude, holds up to their view its glittering prizes of honor, and, with a beseeching smile, says, "Come, possess and wear them." No wonder, then, that Americans should become proverbial for patriotism. No wonder that they should make such herculean efforts, evince such indomitable courage, and endure such fearful sacrifices that they may preserve this country intact. We have more to love in our country and its institutions than all the peoples of the old world put

together. Theirs is an unrequited love. Who ever heard of a monarchy bestowing affection upon its sweating, groaning, stifled masses. Ours reciprocates the love of its loyal sons and daughters. We do not woo and court in vain; every true heart is compensated for its affectionate longings. No pent up Utica can control a genuine American's patriotism. It is one that embraces the whole country, from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf; that extends from Aroostook pine forests to Floridian reefs, and from Palmettodom to San Francisco's Golden Gate. To maintain this country as our forefathers gave it to us,

"Distinct like the billows, and *one* like the sea,"

our soldiers are now fighting. For this they are enduring all the untold sufferings, perils and hardships of military life. The very existence of this beneficent government now depends upon armed men. With bayonet and bullet they hold at bay the traitorous fiends who come with burning torches to fire the fair temple of liberty, and leave it in smouldering ruins. These defenders of our country are our brothers and husbands, our fathers and sons. The Indiana Sanitary Commission is aiding, comforting and strengthening them in the work. This is its specific purpose. Will you, then, help the Commission? You will if you are a patriot. If love of country burns upon the altar of your heart, you will not wait to be urged—you will be glad of this opportunity to do something to hurl treason back to its native hell, and help freedom forward in its march of grandeur round the world.

The Sanitary Commission also appeals to your *love of liberty*.

Our present struggle is between liberty and slavery. It is an old conflict, commenced in the morning of time, renewed all along the pathway of the ages, and is still burdening the air with the shouts of the contending legions and the groans of suffering humanity. Freedom has linked her fortunes with the Stars and Stripes, and slavery rallies its dupes and minions around a banner which bears the strange device of serpents intermingling with stars and bars. Is this the fulfilment of the apocalyptic prophecy, whose symbolic dragon drew down with his tail one-third of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth? Be this as it may, the contest is going fiercely on, and our land is the bloody theatre of action. Those who love slav-

ery are helping the dragon do his worst with his caudal appendage, and my slavery sympathizing friend, with traitorous tendencies, is welcome to all the honor he can gain by trying to brush down stars from the national firmament with such an ungainly instrument. On the other hand, those who love liberty, are rallying by the million around the old national banner, shouting the battle-cry of freedom, and as they bear it onward against the serried hosts of oppression, millions of congenial loyal hearts shout till the welkin rings again :

“ Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And freedom’s banner floating o’er us.”

The issue of the conflict is found in the words of revelation: “And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand, and he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more.” We are, then, stimulated to earnest endeavor, for the precedents of the past, the facts of the present, and the prophecies for the future, all combine to declare that the

“ Banners of freedom in triumph shall wave
O’er a world where no rod of oppression shall punish the slave.”

Freedom is the universal birthright of humanity. It is a part of the original image with which divinity stamped our race. It has been effaced, and, in many instances, lost, by sin. The gospel of the world’s Redeemer proposes to restore it upon all human hearts in all lands; and vain are the puny efforts of men and devils to retard this glorious work. The power upon the throne is omnipotent, and the fiat of the Infinite has gone forth that the oppressed shall go free. Tyrants, oppressors, and rebels may meet in unholy conclave, and resolve, legislate, and fight against it, but as well might a community of ants resolve to overturn the rock-ribbed Alleghanies, or stay the down-rushing torrent of Niagara.

Freedom is rearing amid the desolations of oppression a mountain of pure gold, whose base shall yet cover creation, and whose apex shall flash in the light of immortality. Slavery propagandists of the South, assisted by their cowardly allies of the North, have lighted the baleful fires of

war to burn down this mountain. He would be wiser who would attempt to ignite the Mississippi with a lucifer match, or blow up Niagara's rocky ramparts with a torpedo.

If we would increase our national power, we must develop the *germ idea*, the *seed thought* of American government, which was enunciated by our fathers in the Declaration of Independence. If we would raise the nation up to the ascending plane of true progress, we must strike off the fetters, and knock loose the manacles. If the teamster has a heavy load to pull up hill, he wants every ox to bear heavily in the yoke. We, as a nation have, a heavy load. The hill we ascend is a mountain; its sides are precipitous; the road is unbroken, and its crest is up towards the heavens. Let every son and daughter of humanity, of whatever color, be unbound as quickly as prudence will permit, from the old car of slavery, and hitched to freedom's lengthening train; and if any weak stomached Anglo-Saxon has unpleasant sensations about the olfactories, let him pull ahead out of the way, or relieve himself by a regular drill at sneezing. If you love liberty, love God, and love humanity, you will do your part. The Sanitary Commission offers you who are at home an opportunity to bear a hand. It says, "Help me and I'll help the soldiers who are in the field, striking

'For our altars and our fires, God, and our native land.' "

If you would gain laurels in this conflict, you must act quickly; for even now this revolutionizing earthquake, which the rebels themselves have brought about, is rocking the crazy old dungeons of slavery to ruin; and from the rubbish God is evoking pillars of strength, blocks of beauty and living stones, to build up and adorn the magnificent *temple of liberty*.

Again, the Sanitary Commission appeals to our *State pride*. Hoosier was once a synonym of verdancy, ignorance, and dont-careativeness. He was considered as being born to an inheritance of pumpkins, green corn, hominy, and wild meat, for dietetic purposes, and mosquitoes, rattlesnakes and the "*shakin ager*," for companions. Nature was his text book, and all out of door his school house, without a scientific teacher to enable him to find "sermons in stones, books in running brooks and truth in everything." His home was a rude cabin; his hearth-stone, clay cats; his upholstery, deerskins; his cabinet ware, log puncheons; his queensware grew on gourd vines; his

mirror was the water that reflected his original self from pools and ponds; his music was improvised in nature's orchestra, with birds, beasts and thunder storms for performers; and the little Hoosieroons were rocked to a state of somnolency in a sugar trough. Socially, he cared but little for the conventionalities of modern etiquette.—He loved the abandon of social life freed from the strait-jacket of prudish propriety. Religiously, he left the arguments *a priori* and *a posteriori* to pugilistic, and pedantic divines. He puzzled not his brain in trying to split theological hairs “between the west and north-west side,” but loved a religion which was in theory simple, in experience joyful, in practice according to the golden rule.—In politics, he built upon the old foundation laid by the fathers of the republic, using the gold, silver and precious stones of liberty, fraternity and equality, and refusing the wood, hay and stubble of slavery, secession and aristocracy. The hero of New Orleans was a favorite leader; and it has been asserted, by way of ridicule, that so ardent was the attachment, that the Hoosiers persisted in giving their votes to him long after he was in the grave. In these days Indianians have a more intelligent way of showing their appreciation of the inflexible patriotism of the immortal hero. It will be remembered that when South Carolina, under Calhoun, took the first fit of nullification heroics, that Gen. Jackson uttered the noble sentiment, “The Union must and shall be preserved.” For the maintenance of this sentiment the people of our State have poured out their blood like water; they are fighting for it now, and will continue the struggle until it shall be engraven on the banner of every rebel State from Virginia to Texas.

Whatever may have been the peculiar characteristics of Indianians in years gone by, it is a question settled beyond all peradventure, that the people of no State have made a more glorious record in this war for freedom, than have they. The obloquy with which that prince of traitors attempted to tarnish our State escutcheon has been removed a thousand times; and Hoosier now has become the synonym of heroic daring, gallant bravery, and magnanimous sacrifice for the right. They have become the wheel horses of the war—the thundering legions of freedom's martial hosts—the chosen body-guard of the genius of liberty.

Are the bristling heights of Fredericksburg to be stormed

—where are the Indianians? Are the proud plumes of Stonewall Jackson to be brought down to the dust on Winchester's bloody battle-field—where is Gen. Kimball and his Hoosier boys? Is the rear of McClellan's army to be protected in its retreat from Richmond from infuriate rebels rushing on, doubly intoxicated with whisky and success—call out the 20th Indiana? Are the bastions and forts that environ Vicksburg to be stormed—the command is, “Indianians, *charge!*” At Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and scores of other battle-fields they have contested successfully for the championship of valor. And now that Gen. Sherman is disembowelling the gaunt remains of the starved carcass of rebeldom, they share in the dirty, yet daring, work.

These veterans, after having borne the burden in the heat of the day, perform their crowning act of heroism by re-enlisting for the war. Said one to me, “If this war lasts forty years, I intend to help fight it through.” He is the representative of thousands. Some of these veterans transcend Spartan valor, Roman courage, and even Revolutionary endurance and determination. A soldier of the 29th Indiana, with whom I am personally acquainted, was wounded in the head at the battle of Chicamauga. He was taken to the hospital, where, after suffering several weeks, he, to all appearances, died. He was laid out for burial and taken to the dead house. Although there were no manifest signs of life, he was painfully conscious of all that was transpiring around him. On the second day, a surgeon, in company with a major, was passing through the dead house, examining the corpses.—Coming to this young man, he remarked, “I don't believe he's dead.” “Yes,” said the major, “he's done for.”—The young man heard every word of the conversation. The surgeon examined him more critically, had him carried to the hospital, and, by special attention, succeeded in restoring him to health. I met this young man a few days since, and he told me, with his own lips, that he had re-enlisted for the war. So these veterans come; not only from the Rapidan, from Knoxville, from Chattanooga, and from the various points of our long extended front, to re-enlist, but they also come from the very territories of the dead. Should we not be proud of such soldiers? And should we not emulate their noble example of love to the country, by pouring into the lap of the Sanitary

Commission such a profusion of stores as will enable it to anticipate and meet their every want? It appears to me that such gallant heroes ought to be carried on the arms of home patriots, placed on the very throne of our affections, and be coronetted by the hands of beauty with a diadem of glory.

We honor our brave soldiery; and we have statesmen, also, of whom we delight to speak. Do you see that star, the third in official magnitude in our national galaxy?—It has the place of honor in the constellation that composes the popular branch of the national Congress. That star represents a man from our own State, who, by enterprising industry and earnest devotion to the right, has worked his way up from the humble walks of life to this proud pre-eminence. He is there, an honorable man, without having resorted to political gambling or partisan stock-jobbing. He is there, too, without unholy coalition with whiskey, brandy, wine or ale, having banished them from their hitherto strong entrenchments about the House of Representatives. He is there upon the distinctive basis of his own merits. We honor the head and heart, the patriotism and virtue, of Schuyler Colfax.

We have another, whose far-reaching sagacity, wise counsels, energy of character, and executive ability, that adapts itself to the exigencies of these troublous times, has made his name a tower of strength. The Commission is indebted to him for many of its most marked features of usefulness, and has rejoiced in his patronage from its inception until now. But the name of Gov. Morton is written as with a pen of iron and point of diamond on the historic rolls of fame, and no feeble words of mine will add to its lustre.

There are, also, names interwoven with the Indiana Sanitary Commission

“That were not born to die.”

Such are Hannaman, Lozier, Atkinson, Harrison—and the list might be extended indefinitely.

I should not do justice to this part of my subject if I should fail to speak in terms of commendation of the kind acts and sweet charities of the ladies of Indiana.

The Commission has made special efforts to secure the co-operation of the patriotic women of the State. In this it has been eminently successful. One hundred and fifty ladies have been employed as nurses, who have, in a thousand ways, dispensed their kind attentions and gen-

the ministrations to ameliorate the manifold sorrows of military life. These benevolent actions have been performed silently and noiselessly, like the droppings of the gentle rain, or the distillations of the silent dew, on parched herbage and flower. The experience of the world shows that woman is endowed by nature with qualities that eminently fit her for works of kindness and charity.

We are under a lasting debt of gratitude to the patriotic matrons and maidens of the Revolution for the important part they performed in that struggle for liberty. Had not our fathers been encouraged by these noble heroines, we might to-day have been paying tribute to the British crown. The reward is, that our free institutions have become the palladium of woman's intellectual, religious and social rights. In the monarchies of the old world she is frequently no more than a menial slave, subject to the whims and caprices of tyrannical masters.—In ancient Egypt, while men reposed in the morning sun of science, and drank exhilarating draughts from the fountains of literature, woman, with the beasts, bore the burdens and drew the plow through the rich valleys of the Nile. If the soulless gods that managed the government of that country had smiles, they were not for woman. In China she is excluded from the public walks of usefulness, imprisoned in the gloomy dungeon of false sentiment, and languishes like a drooping flower in the shade of neglect. The iron shoe that painfully binds her foot in its diminutive proportions is emblematic of the inflexible bands of a false government, that forbids the expansion of her charitable and sympathetic nature. In Hindostan the fountain of her maternal affections is so frozen by oppression that she consigns her tender babe to the wild waters of the Ganges, and, while its piteous cry rolls out on the trembling air, she contemplates the scene as emotionless as the dumb earth on which she stands.

But the genius of American government comes as a messenger of mercy and an angel of strength to her relief. It presents her with the magna charta of her rights; clothes her with the beautiful habiliments of virtue, intelligence and charity; and gives her to man, an object worthy of his respect and affection, and his superior in a potent influence to do good. She has more faith, more patience, more perseverance, to labor amid the scenes of sorrow and distress. The women of our State have made a glorious record in this war. After having given the ob-

jects of their hearts' best affections to the service of the country, they have, with their own hands, fashioned the garments and prepared the fruits, delicacies and vegetables that compose, by far, the largest portion of the stores of the Commission. The benedictions of our gallant soldiers have been showered upon them in rich profusion for these well timed acts of kindness. So long as our ladies manifest this spirit, our country is safe. For it is true, that "*they who rock the cradle rule the world.*" Although regarded in common parlance as the weaker vessel, woman has always led in the destiny of our race. It was so when our common mother plucked and ate the forbidden fruit, and then gave to her companion. It was so when she presented humanity with the redeeming Savior, who, as the Sun of Righteousness, casts radiant light for every human soul upon the pathway that leads to a blissful immortality. And now, so long as her fair hands hold up and unfurl freedom's starry banner, the sterner sex will follow, though it be through *floods, flames and death.*

But as there are spots on the sun's disc, and useless pebbles in gold leads, so there are blotches of semi-treason on our body politic. In the flower garden of our patriotism the serpent's trail is found. Judges turn legal pharmacutists for the purpose of compounding a little judicial pap to arrest the alarming symptoms of the dying monster of rebellion; editors of newspapers howl dirges, in dolorous strains, over the dissolving views presented by the rebel confederacy; and politicians,

"Dressed in a little brief authority,
Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

These, with their train of followers, which is "growing small by degrees, and beautifully less," have no word of sympathy for freedom's cause, but, by their chronic complaints, keep up an everlasting friction, which, much to their disgust, only serves to stimulate the hearts, and polish the armor, of the loyal. I would that such were only imaginary characters; but every day we are compelled to hear their lugubrious complaints against the management of the government, the distribution of the sanitary stores, and every measure that proposes to put rebellion on the rack and freedom on the throne. One is puzzled to know what disposition should be made of these persistent croakers, and incurable malecontents. It is a cus-

tom among some parents, whose insubordinate sons defy all efforts to bring them under the wholesome restraints of family government, as a last resort, to place them on board a whaler, where they are compelled to undergo a stern, but beneficial, discipline that necessarily improves them for the time being. The application is easy. Let these insubordinates and complainers set sail for northern seas, where whales in plenty do abound.

“Let them take their poles of sturdy oak,
And their lines of cable that can't be broke,
And bait their hooks with their doleful tales,
And sit on the rocks and bob for whales.”

Whatever may be the course or destiny of others, it remains for us, who love the right, to arm ourselves more fully for the conflict. If we would raise humanity higher, we must repudiate oppression, and heartily hate every false way. It is ours to work with hands, head, heart and means, and with firm faith move

“Onward while a wrong remains
To be conquer'd by the right.
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might.”

Let us combine to keep our State in the front ranks of freedom. Let us make this commission more than ever a dispenser of good things to those who are confronting armed treason, and meeting like heroes

“War's magnificently stern array.”

There is hope for the future. Our country and the world is moving on. The great mind and heart of humanity has caught the charm of hallowed freedom. Worthy and toil worn laborers fall ever and anon in the conflict, and we weep their loss, but we will dash away the tears that blind us, and struggle and labor on. There is inspiration and immortality in the name of Liberty. Fair fingers have beautifully wrought it on our national banner

—We will follow it upward till, in triumph unfurled,
It waves in its glory o'er a disenthralled world.—

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